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So Close: Writing That Touches

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In a culture pervaded by a '*law of tact*' (Derrida, 2005: 66), this paper presents a theory of 'tactile poetics' – writing that touches. Reading *So Close* (2009) by Hélène Cixous, I consider the reciprocal relationship between touch and feeling and the ways that writing can perform contact. Outlining the history of touch and its relationship to language, the essay examines the literary texture of Cixous's poetics, drawing on theoretical work by Renu Bora and Jacques Derrida in order to formulate a theory of writing that 'in its essence touches upon the body' (Nancy, 2008a: 11). Suggesting ways that writing can touch without tampering, I invite you to open up your own poetics to new textures of writing.

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> (I won't bother arguing that I'm not praising some dubious 'touching literature.' I know the difference between writing and flowery prose, but I *know of no writing that doesn't touch.* Because then it wouldn't be writing, just reporting or summarizing. Writing in its essence touches upon the body.) (Nancy, 2008a: 11)

Does your writing touch? Critic Jean-Luc Nancy argues that '*touching* – happens in writing all the time' (2008a: 11). However, Nancy makes a critical distinction between writing that only appears, on the surface, to reach out, and writing that actually makes contact. This essay takes my earlier discussion of 'tactile poetics' (Jackson, 2010) and develops its significance for the writer. Outlining the history of touch and its relationship to language, I examine the tactile quality of *So Close* by Hélène Cixous, thinking in particular about literary texture. Discussing the circulation of affect within and between texts, I suggest some of the ways in which you might generate new textures in your writing. My approach here adopts Robert Sheppard's account of poetics as 'a paradoxical theory of practice *and* practice of theory' (Sheppard, 2008: 4). For Sheppard, poetic discourse does not simply mediate between critical and creative writing; rather, it may 'appear in hybrid forms between these recognisable genres' (4). Moving beyond 'explication or interpretation', Sheppard encourages writers to ask 'not just what kind of text is this, but how do I write one like it – or, more probably – one *not* like it?' (4). Responding to this 'sense of *provocation*' (7), this paper is thus 'the working out of difficult ideas about how writing is (to be) made, without necessary recourse to logical argument' (4). Rather than prescribing a set of guidelines for the creative writer then, the essay hopes to start a new and touching conversation with you. It invites you

to think about the texture of your own work – the feel of its surfaces as well as its material history. Let the skin of this essay rub against you. Let this writing touch you. Touch back.

I

In *Mystery and Manners*, Flannery O'Connor remarks, 'Fiction operates through the senses, and I think one reason that people find it so difficult to write stories is that they forget how much time and patience is required to convince through the senses' (1969: 88). O'Connor's account of the role of the senses is not unfamiliar to creative writers. More recently, for instance, W.N. Herbert has suggested that 'Learning to work with images involves training the eye, the ear, touch and taste and scent, to apprehend and define particulars' (2006: 214). This essay takes up the writer's interest in the senses and, in particular, the often neglected sense of touch, but rather than simply offering an account of how we can describe touch in our writing, it thinks through the possibilities and impossibilities of inscribing tact. Thus, this essay is not – or not only – about touch in writing, but it seeks to show you how writing can touch back.

Why touch? What has touch got to do with creative writing? What is the 'sense' in this? Aristotle proposed the 'five senses' in *De Anima*, positing touch as 'the primary form' of perception: 'the most basic of senses, touch, all animals have' (1986: 160). Necessary for all the other senses to function, it is the common sense and the condition of man's intelligence: 'In point of touch his accuracy exceeds that of the others by a long way. And it is also for this reason that he is the most intelligent of the animals' (1986: 180). Despite this, however, Aristotle considered touch to be the basest or most servile sense, an opinion maintained by Western philosophers who continued to understand sense as opposed to reason. The senses, it was perceived, reside in the body, separate from the mind. In Elizabeth Harvey's account of touch in early modern culture, for instance, proximity is contingent on corporeality. She argues that whereas hearing, sight and smell 'extend the body beyond its own boundaries', touch 'insists on the corporeal because it relies upon contiguity or proximity for its operations' (2003: 2). Whereas Harvey's account suggests that you must get right up close in order to touch, this paper offers a theory of tactile poetics that unsettles the relationship between touch and proximity, deconstructing the very difference between far away, and – as Cixous would have it – *so close*.

The debasement of touch as apart from the intellect has continued even in contemporary criticism, where there seems to be an urge to posit the differences between the optical and the tactile as a struggle for supremacy. 'Many philosophies', writes Michel Serres, 'refer to sight; few to hearing; fewer still place their trust in the tactile, or olfactory. Abstraction divides up the sentient body, eliminates taste, smell and touch, retains only sight and hearing, intuition and understanding' (2008: 26). Challenging this hierarchy, Serres opens his reading of the senses with touch: 'In the beginning, touch; at the origin, the medium' (35). 'Quivering with sense' (57), touch is the first and it is the last. Describing the experience of being trapped on a burning ship,

he writes: 'Smoke stings your eyes, it fills the whole space, chokes you. Blinded, you have to lie down. You can only grope your way out. Touch is the last remaining means of guiding yourself' (18). Serres is not alone in his attention to touch, and research into the tactile has been rejuvenated in recent years. Santanu Das, for example, notes that 'there has been a sudden swell of interest in the senses' (2005: 12). Touch, often considered the most 'intimate' and 'elusive' (Das 2005: 20) of the senses, has indeed gained new ground. Clinical and theoretical research, for instance, indicates that touch is central to subjectivity, and developmental psychologists have become particularly interested in the role of touch in human behaviour. Ashley Montagu proposes that bodily contact between infant and mother is vital for healthy human growth and cites, at great length, several ailments that are the result of 'inadequate cutaneous stimulation in infancy' (1978: 91). This argument is supported by more recent theorists, such as Tiffany Field, who demonstrates the 'many other positive effects of touch', highlighting 'just how vital touch is and how it needs to be a greater part of our lives' (2001: 17).

Despite the assumption that one must get close in order to make contact, however, touch does not always depend on proximity. Discussing the 'skin ego', psychoanalyst Didier Anzieu explains that 'while the first origin of contact is tactile, contact is transposed metaphorically to other sense organs and other sensory areas' (1990: 79). He continues, 'Ordinary language actually puts it well, and our patients express it thus: "What you said *touched* me." One can in fact touch the psyche otherwise than by touching the body' (74). For Anzieu, it is sufficient in psychoanalytic practice to 'resort to symbolic touching: one can touch with the voice' (78–79; Jackson, 2010: 194). Perhaps we can take the notion of 'symbolic touching' into the realm of literature: can writing touch us too?

II

The possibilities and limitations of writing touch are exemplified in the rich and complex work of Hélène Cixous. In an interview with Cixous in *Rootprints*, Murielle Calle-Gruber remarks, 'it is the writer that I touch on in you. Where I touch down' (Cixous, 1997: 7). Calle-Gruber is referring to a preoccupation with touch that pervades Cixous's writing. Even in her early published work, Cixous's writing is a call to contact: 'Touch me, caress me, you the living no-name, give me my self as myself' (1976: 881–882). Discussing her recovery from myopia in 'Savoir', Cixous describes 'the delicate tact of the cornea' (2001: 9). 'Touch[ing] the world with her eye', she writes of the eyes as 'miraculous hands', and concludes: 'The continuity of her flesh and the world's flesh, touch then, was love, and that was the miracle of giving' (9). But Cixous doesn't simply write *about* tact; her work *performs* touch. 'Savoir' can be read, according to Derrida in 'A Silkworm of One's Own', as 'a poem of touch' (2001: 34–35). It demonstrates the tactile properties of literature; it 'holds, touches, pulls, like a lead, it affects and sometimes tears the skin' (Derrida, 2001: 34). It is writing that performs its own tactility, making contact in strange and sometimes startling ways. Cixous, then, appears to play out precisely

Jean-Luc Nancy's notion that 'writing in its essence touches upon the body' (2008a: 11).

The touchiness of Cixous's writing is also demonstrated in *So Close* (2009), a deeply textured fiction first published in French in 2007. Narrating her return to Algeria after a more than 30-year absence, Cixous details her journey toward both origin and end – the place of her childhood and the location of her father's tomb beneath a cypress tree.[1] As the text opens, the narrator is in France, admiring her mother's bathing suit. It is following the discovery of 'the funereal secret of the word *macaroon*' that Cixous announces her return: 'That's when I said *I would perhaps be going to Algiers*' (2009: 5, 6). She recounts her mother's reaction – '"What-is-this?"' – describing 'that warlike way she has of sticking all the syllables together in a single guttural apostrophe' (30). The clumping together of sticky syllables gives her mother's words a viscous, gummy quality. Words become 'strange signifiers' (30); they become palpable. The language that follows is one of pushing, pulling, smacking, kicking, and yet, apart from a spoon hitting the kitchen table, no physical contact is made. Her mother's fury has a 'violent nakedness' (31): the words are 'sharpened' (32, 34); they inflict 'one good blow' (34); they 'pierce' (59). She 'stamps out the words I'venotf'gotten. She throws the verb *Ivenotfgotten* in my face' (32):

> She looks for a way to strike me even harder. She finds it: There's not afffucking thing for me there. She slams down *FFFucking*, with the small satisfaction of feeling the word fuck around between her lips, that's new, she has never spurted out that word in her whole life. (32)

The language leaves its impression on the narrator's body: 'I trembled as if I had just allowed my arms to be torn off, to let be torn from my arms the adored body that all the same I had never embraced' (33). More than breaking bones, the words perform a flaying; 'we are stripping each other and mutually, we are in the skin of nudes who have an astounding strength for their age' (34). In the midst of this verbal tussle, Cixous's language dramatises the battle not simply of kin, but of the interconnectedness of bodies, language and landscape, a performance that leaves Cixous 'staggered by the violence of this theatrical staging' (31).

Touch, however, is not one of a kind. And it is not only violence that Cixous stages in *So Close*. Rather, a remarkable tenderness circulates through the text: 'I was dreaming of sentences rising up to the clouds with their pointed tips constantly erased by the speed with which they moved' (59). Eventually, finding her father's '[t]omb without address' (149), she writes: 'I embraced you. I lay down upon you. I fastened myself with all my strength to the Tomb I felt how living it was, its hardness supple at my call' (154). She calls to him: 'With my voice I hollowed out the stone in me, I opened the ground, with my body I saw your whole body' (155) until she is 'seized by an immense tenderness' (156):

> I sensed that the blood of the call was running out. I called him my child. I said, my child, you are my child, you know? – I know, I know. And with the word *know* I set him back down. (156)

Here, in an unspeakably touching manner, Cixous demonstrates the power of language to make contact: to lift, to embrace, to hold and to return to the earth.

But what is the nature of this touching relationship? How does the material surface of the text make contact, and what sort of tensions may arise? In *So Close*, Cixous pays particular attention to the rise and fall of her mother's voice: 'One has to imagine the music. Astonished voice, rising, come from the depths of time, attaining the high pitch of incredulity. Pause. Voice goes back down the slope' (30). Here, Cixous demonstrates the relationship between music and the body, performing Verena Andermatt Conley's observation: 'You try to write on the side of a language as musical as possible' (Cixous & Conley, 1984: 62). If, as Ashley Montagu believes, 'in much music there is a very pervasive tactile quality' (1978: 135), then writing touch invites us to attend to the music of our language. This is something Cixous addresses in *Rootprints*, where she argues that 'the texts that touch me the most strongly, to the point of making me shiver or laugh, are those that have not repressed their musical structure' (1997: 64; Jackson, 2010: 196). She claims that 'to write is to note down the music of the world, the music of the body, the music of time' (Cixous, 1997: 46). This is a music of the body; her writing 'goes through the belly, through the entrails, through the chest' (46). The rhythms of writing, she says, match the 'pulsings of my blood' (2009: 38). Writing touch, it seems, is writing through the body; somehow there is music to be found – a music that is not only heard, but *felt*.

III

Performing the body's rhythms, Cixous's language of touch, it is clear, generates affect. Touch is, of course, always bound up with feeling; there is a reciprocal relationship between physical sensation and our psychological state. This is emphasised by Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick in *Touching Feeling*:

> But the same double meaning, tactile plus emotional, is already there in the single word 'touching'; equally it's internal to the word 'feeling.' I am also encouraged in this association by the dubious epithet 'touchy-feely,' with its implication that even to talk about affect virtually amounts to cutaneous contact. (2003: 17)

In particular, Sedgwick argues that 'a particular intimacy seems to subsist between textures and emotions' (17), indicating the different ways that literary textures disseminate affect. Sara Ahmed, too, discusses the 'emotionality in texts' in terms of a feeling that moves between subjects, objects and environments, rather than a static concept residing in a fixed location within the individual (2004: 12). Tactile poetics, then, is not an unchanging state contained within the body of a reader, a writer or a text. Instead, it refers to the fluid movement of feeling between surfaces as different textures make contact.

Attention to linguistic texture is emphasised by Alice Fulton who insists: 'Consider the leafiness of books, the peeling that is reading. Consider the peeling that is writing. By the end, I feel exfoliated' (1999: 38). Words, for

Fulton, 'have an unignorable materiality. It is not only the meaning of words that holds my attention, but their sensual, and especially tactile, presence' (77). Textured writing can be constructed from 'sequined, wooly, stippled, flannel, marbled, glittery, or drippy linguistic registers'; 'passages can have an ultrasuede nap, like the velour finish of a petal, or they can feel prickly as hairbrushes' (77). Performing what Fulton terms 'fractal verse' and exploring different textures in her writing, Cixous draws attention to the materiality of language and the essential aesthetics of 'feeling' in *So Close*. Meditating on the word 'trace', for instance, she writes, 'I liked to caress this word' (2009: 59). In mimicking a cry, she repeats the single word 'ashkoun', and in so doing, generates a new texture, allowing the word to rub up against itself, creating its own internal energy, as if static:

> *Ashkoun ashkoun ashkoun ashkoun.*
> Never heard a country cry so loud
> So many birds, so many voices
> France is so silent sitting
> Sitting in the dining room dining
> Everyone in their thoughts
> Who? who? who? who? Is it
> Who is it you, you, you, how fares your mother in you
> Your brother in you, and the children in you, the country, how fares
> Say say say say
> Extinguished the birds of Frances sitting
> At the church but there I don't go in.
> I call Zohra. *Shkoun*? (102)

Her language is at times stark and brutal, but at other times, it is deliciously seductive, especially when she feels she is getting 'so close!': 'how you sing, and to find once again the answer, the freshness, the dew, that way you have of moistening words, of silvering them to make them shine' (152). Cixous incorporates into her fiction the slipperiness, the shininess, the dampness, the hardness, the grittiness, the prickliness, the softness and the stickiness of language.

The material surface of Cixous's writing is always stretched to its limits. The increasing fragmentation in *So Close* performs the process of texturisation and detexturisation that circulates through reading. The rumpled surface of the writing generates ruptures in the reading. Touch becomes a writing-effect:

> With mybrother lacking, without legs, without feet to feel the floor of the
> shadowy entryway, without hands to feel in the dark the place of the
> staircase where the polished wood railing is
> there is no railing, there are no wooden steps
> with one eye closed and one ear cut off
> that's what, because of mybrother, I am obli
> at the last mi
> he refu

because there are places where I am not half mybrother
but 54 Rue Phil
without bro (138)

For Jenny Chamarette, the absence of words is as important as their material presence. Chamarette takes this up in her essay 'Flesh, Folds and Texturality' where she discusses the use of the ellipsis in Cixous's writing. The ellipsis, she argues, foregrounds materiality and 'draws attention to our own (interrupted) perceptual apprehension and comprehension of the text' (2007: 35). Although Cixous does not in fact frequently employ '*points de suspension*' (36) in *So Close,* her use of omission, interruption and absence in the novel certainly demonstrate what Chamarette terms 'the potential to signify the possibilities of connotation or cross-representation between spaces, words or phrases and the possibilities of supplementary meaning' (35). For Chamarette, an interruption 'emphasizes the *texturality* of text' (39). Although her use of the neologism *texturality* refers to the visual dimension of the literature, I propose that her discussion equally applies to the tactile. Thus, her reference to moments in Cixous's work where 'printed text is abandoned altogether, leaving enlarged white spaces on the page' (42) enables us to rethink not only the visual appearance of white space, but the way that such absences change the feel of language. Spaces of indeterminacy, moments of slippage and repeating patterns of sound are woven into *So Close*, creating a dynamic texturality that is always on the brink of rupture.

Texture, Cixous shows us, is wrought with its own holes, bumps and cracks. Renu Bora also takes up the idea of literary texture in his essay 'Outing Texture'. Here he argues that texture has 'at least two meanings' in the English language:

> What I will henceforth call TEXTURE, the first meaning, signifies the surface resonance or quality of an object or material. That is, its qualities if touched, brushed, stroked, or mapped, would yield certain properties and sensations that can usually be anticipated by looking. (1997: 98–99)

Supplementary to texture, is the notion of 'TEXXTURE' (99), which 'refers not really to surface or even depth so much as to an intimately violent, pragmatic, medium, inner level (at first more phenomenological than conceptual/ metaphysical) of the stuffness of material structure' (99).[2] The supplementary 'x' in texxture is added, he explains, 'to signal the way it complicates the internal' (99). For Sedgwick, this means that while texture is that which 'defiantly or even invisibly blocks or refuses such information', performing 'the willed erasure of its history', 'texxture is the kind of texture that is dense with offered information about how, substantively, historically, materially, it came into being' (2003: 14). Thinking about texxture and its internal complications demands that we take into account the ways that a text's own history is reinscribed in its weave.

Cixous offers us a fiction wrought with the materiality of its own becoming. Her text draws on another text, an 'unwritten' letter to Zohra Drif, the young Algerian involved in the Milk Bar Café bombing of 1956 who was sentenced to 20 years of hard labour, but eventually pardoned by the French government

following the independence of Algeria in 1962. Cixous's 'Letter to Zohra Drif' (2003) haunts *So Close*; one text rubs up against another:

> *What-is-Zohra-going-to-say* is now one of the sentences of this book. It traverses it at regular intervals, floats, stops, moves on, among the upper branches of the pines, a little dimly luminous stellar formation, I see it to one side in the background behind me. I recognize it by its withheld breath, since it murmurs I can't hear the color of its intonation, it wavers, perhaps perhaps. (2009: 43)

A few pages later, there is another reference to Zohra and their time together as schoolgirls at Lycée Fromentin: '*Two pages later F. comes back. I place it here so as not to interrupt the state of siege in which we enclosed ourselves*' (49). The presence of this absent letter crumples the text; it 'traverses it at regular intervals, floats, stops, moves on' (43), turning the text back on itself, creating a texture of wrinkles and folds. And at the same time, it draws attention to the material and texxtural history of the text in its making.

In folding the 'neither public nor private letter' (22) into *So Close*, Cixous brings to touch two texts. In fact, the letter to Zohra is not the only text that is enfolded within; the fiction is woven of multiple texts moving against each other, generating a new tact. She quotes, for instance, Derrida's statement, '"This Garden still exists"' (65), taken from 'From the Word to Life: A Dialogue between Jacques Derrida and Hélène Cixous', within which he writes of the Jardin d'Essai: 'This Garden still exists. We have never been there together, but it represents a sort of paradise lost' (Derrida & Cixous, 2006: 5). An intertextual network emerges at the limits of *So Close*, where texts-within-texts touch on each other in unexpected ways. However, as Derrida notes, to 'touch on' a work of literature, to analyse it, may also be to 'tamper' with it – 'to change, to displace, to call into question' (2005: 25). So how do we touch with tact? How might our own texts touch on the work of others? How do texts stick to each other and slide across each other?

IV

Cixous's *So Close* suggests that texts do touch, over and over. The issue is, perhaps, not whether texts touch, but how, and what problems and promises this contact may offer. In the concluding pages of this essay, I'd like to move toward a tactful approach to writing contact, suggesting that writing touch invites us to take an alternative approach – one in which we can only ever feel our way forward.

So Close follows Cixous's journey from France to her father's tomb in Algiers. The destination, however, always remains out of reach. In a sense, then, Cixous's book of touch culminates in 'not-touching'. This is played out when, arriving at her father's tomb, she cries: 'Don't touch me!': 'I'm afraid that they will kill my sadness, don't touch me!' (2009: 148). The plea echoes the words of another. Following his resurrection from the tomb, Christ says to Mary Magdalene '*Noli me tangere*' or 'Don't touch me' (John 20:17).[3] On the brink, then, touch is interrupted by what Derrida calls the '*law of tact*':

'In touching, touching is forbidden: do not touch or tamper with the thing itself, do not touch on what there is to touch' (2005: 66). Tact ensures that touching '*abstains* from touching on what it touches'; it asks that you 'do touch *but* do watch out and avoid any contact' (Derrida 2005: 67, 68). The two contradictory orders, 'do do and do not do', Derrida remarks, are brought into contact and exposed to 'contamination and contagion' (68). This 'do do and do not do' runs through *So Close*, where touch is always inhabited by its own tact. So, despite claiming 'I am touched on all sides' (Cixous, 2009: 67), the experience of not-touching haunts the text: 'And what if I didn't arrive, what if I didn't land, what if I didn't reach, didn't touch didn't feel, Algeria?' (100). Even as it plays out a writing of touch, *So Close* becomes a theatre of tact 'caused by all those blind and blinding worlds that tottered on the same stage without touching each other' (94).

Undoing the difference between proximity and distance, between 'so close' and far away, Cixous's contact with her father's tomb terminates with tact. Similarly, our writing must obey a contradictory order: 'thou shalt not touch, not too much' (Derrida, 2005, 47). Writing so close, then, Cixous all but touches. A certain resistance, a certain tact, always holds her back:

> When I said 'Algiers,' I didn't mean to say precisely Algiers, I don't know exactly what I wanted, the point was I think *to approach, as much as possible and as little as possible*, by way of metonymies, by intuitions, by detours, to approach, but what? (2009: 37)

So 'the point was to *approach*. It was to *get myself closer*' (38). The whole novel in fact might be described as a work of approach. Indeed, although insisting that touching 'happens in writing all the time', Nancy admits, 'Maybe it doesn't happen exactly *in* writing, if writing in fact has an ''inside''' (2008a: 11). Instead, it happens 'along the border, at the limit, the tip, the furthest edge of writing [. . .]. Now, writing takes its place at the limit' (11). To write touch, then, is 'like an address: a writer doesn't touch by grasping, by taking in hand (from *begreifen* = seizing, taking over, German for ''conceiving'') but touches by way of addressing himself, sending himself *to* the touch of something outside, hidden, displaced, spaced' (Nancy 2008a: 17). Writing means sending ourselves elsewhere. For Cixous, this involves a movement 'toward foreign lands, toward the foreigner in ourselves' (1993: 69–70):

> Writing is not arriving; most of the time it's *not arriving*. One must go on foot, with the body. One has to go away, leave the self. How far must one not arrive in order to write, how far must one wander and wear out and have pleasure? One must walk as far as the night. One's own night. Walking through the self toward the dark. (65)

Departing for Algeria and approaching her father's tomb, Cixous walks through the self toward the dark. And our own writing, I suggest, is also a departure in the dark. Writing touch, we can only feel our way. The point is to approach. The point is to get oneself closer. But of course, as both Nancy and Cixous attest, we can never arrive.

This paper has invited you to consider the material surface of your texts – the warp and weave of your writing. I have offered a series of questions along the way: In what ways does our writing touch? Generating alternative literary textures, how might our writing soothe, press or tickle? Allowing space for absence, repetition and slippage, how does the *texturality* of our writing perform tact? How might our texts touch other texts without tampering? In short, and in Jean-Luc Nancy's words, 'How are we to touch upon the body?' (2008a: 11). These are not questions that are easily answered. As Nancy puts it, 'perhaps we can't answer this ''How?'' as we'd answer a technical question' (11). Writing touch is not a set of guidelines we can pass on to the reader; it demands, as Sheppard suggests, a move 'away from the expectations of the answers' (2008: 7, 4). Sheppard continues: 'It's a sorry confession, but I think I have wasted time and energy reading poetics in the hope that it would tell me *how* to write' (6). Avoiding what Sheppard terms 'the totalising certainty of a manifesto' or a '''how to'' guide' (6, 5), this paper takes some steps towards 'speak[ing] differently' (8). It approaches, perhaps, an address; it calls out to you as a way of addressing myself, of sending myself to the touch of something outside. In so doing, it asks you to open yourself to the different texxtures of your writing, to feel your way, to try to touch back. It reaches out – a departure in the dark.

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Notes

1. Note that the title of this text, translated from the French *Si près*, is haunted by the name of the cypress tree (*cyprés*). According to translator Peggy Kamuf, 'these homonyms provide a principal key to the fiction' (163). My thanks to Éditions Galilée and Polity Press for granting permission to cite extracts from the English translation of Hélène Cixous's *Si prés* (© Éditions Galilée, 2007). The English edition is translated by Peggy Kamuf as *So Close* (© Polity Press, 2009).
2. These distinctions, Bora explains later, are related to Deleuze and Guattari's definitions of 'smooth' (or haptic) and 'striated space'. In *A Thousand Plateaus* (2004), Deleuze and Guattari take the terms 'smooth' and 'striated' from the composer Pierre Boulez, who used them to describe differences in musical space (525). Whereas smooth space is characterised by the texture of felt – it is unlimited in every direction – striated space is characterised by a woven fabric, delimited on at least one side (539). In practice, connections and passages exist between these oppositions (532).
3. See McQuillan (2009) for an account of Jean-Luc Nancy's translation of Christ's prohibition as 'Do not hold me back' (Nancy, 2008b: 15). See also Jackson, 2010: 188–189.

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